Home Invasion Gone Wrong

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Home Invasion Gone Wrong

by abbymyg

Summary

Will Graham is a thief. He breaks into Hannibal Lecter's house.

For the hannibal bingo prompt: a game of cat & mouse

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Will has no trouble picking the lock. He figured it would be harder to steal in the richest neighborhood of Baltimore, but apparently not.

He's been observing this property in particular for a while, although he's never seen the owner. He knows someone lives here, though, because he's seen the lights turn on and off, and the presence of a car or cars parked in front.

But the important thing is that he has no camera or alarm system. In this modern day and age, it is increasingly difficult to find properties that lack it, and it makes Will's work a thousand times harder. He can still break in and steal, of course, he's a professional, but he enjoys not having to worry about wasting time deactivating the entire thing.

Here, with just a pick of the lock, he is in.

He takes his time to look at the place, admiring the multiple pieces of artwork on the lower floor that scream of someone with too much money to spend. He moves silently, brandishing his gun as he carries his backpack with him. Once he's sure the entire floor is empty, he goes up the stairs.

So far he hasn't seen any signs of pets living here either, another lucky thing. He despises hearing animals whine because of what's happening to their owners. He also has had a few occasions when dogs tried to bite him. He's good to them though, always. Not so much to their humans.

There's no one on the top floor, either. He can't believe how lucky he is. The first room he enters is an office, with a bunch of business cards in a pile that read "Doctor Hannibal Lecter. Psychiatrist".

Ugh. He's never liked psychiatrists.

He searches as many drawers and shelves as he can, and finds more hidden scalpels that he does cash. There are random knives and syringes as well. He frowns. If this man is paranoid enough to have hidden weapons scattered throughout his house, why not just install an alarm and camera system?

Unless…

Unless this person doesn't want a security company getting information from his home.

A shiver goes down Will's spine. Maybe it wasn't as good of an idea to break into this house as he thought.

He shrugs, and keeps searching everywhere anyway. A man like this has to have cash stashed somewhere, Will is sure of it.

That's the only reason he decides to check the pantry. Then realizes that the pantry has an open trap door. And there's light coming from down there.

A secret basement?

Will licks his lips and his heart beats fast in his chest. He doubts going down those steps is a good idea, yet his curiosity is eager to do it. The adrenaline pumping in his blood agrees.

“I’ll regret this so much,” he whispers to himself, takes a deep breath, and goes down the ladder.

He’s careful to be as silent as he can, hoping the old wood doesn’t creak under his weight.

The basement is illuminated by fluorescent light that reminds Will of a hospital room. The sight, however, couldn’t be more of a polar opposite to it.

A man is lying on a slab, with his chest cavity fully open, blood dripping down to the floor. Dead. Standing next to him is the most gorgeous man Will has ever seen, cutting a perfectly straight line across his abdomen. Hannibal, he guesses.

"Beautiful."

The word escapes Will's lips before he can stop it. The killer raises his head and meets his eyes, which widen in alarm. He eyes his gun, then his backpack and his ski mask.

"A thief?" he asks.

"Yeah." Will coughs, thankful that the mask hides his blush. "You should consider getting an alarm system if you have a whole murder basement thing going on down here, dude." He motions around with his hand.

"I'll keep it in mind," the other one says, taking a step closer.

Will takes a step back. He swallows.

"You're going to kill me, aren't you?" He wraps a hand around the side of the ladder.

"Well," Hannibal laughs and takes several more steps his way. Slowly, menacingly. “Breaking into a stranger's house is rude, young man.”

Will doesn’t waste any more time.

He climbs up the stairs and runs, not looking back.

Of course, the homeowner runs after him.

He exits the pantry and closes the door to gain a small advantage over the other man. He scans the kitchen quickly, taking his gun from his belt at the same time, as he searches for another weapon. He settles for a sharp-looking knife.

The homeowner pushes the door open and dashes after him. Will is equal parts scared and thrilled.

“Tell me, have you ever killed anyone before?” Hannibal asks calmly. He rolls up his sleeves and grabs a knife from the knife block.

Will licks his lips and points his gun at him. “Yes.”

“With your gun?”

“Yes.”

“Then…” he interrupts himself and tilts his head to one side as he examines the blade in his hand. “How may I call you?”

“Will,” he replies, then feels dumb for giving the killer his actual name.

“Well then, Will,” he says, and his accent makes it sound sinful, “you haven’t actually experienced the feeling of someone’s blood staining your hands and clothes, nor relished in the way their eyes lose the spark of life. You’ve hidden behind your gun. Won’t killing someone with your hands prove more intimate?”

He walks closer, to the point they’re both slowly spinning around the counters.

“Maybe so,” Will says. “But it won’t be as effective.”

He shoots.

The older man dodges.

The bullet strikes a cabinet instead.

Hannibal jumps the counters with the grace of a ballet dancer and Will rushes for the kitchen door. Before he can reach it, the other man pushes him against the wall, hard. Will groans in pain, but uses all of his strength to push Hannibal off.

He manages to escape his grasp and attempts to stab him in the arm with his knife. The older man dodges and grabs the knife by the blade. He cuts his palm, but effectively takes it from Will and throws it to the floor.

Fuck.

Will runs to the other side of the kitchen to put distance between them and try to grab another knife from the block. Hannibal stops him by pushing him against the counter.

Will groans when his back makes contact with the cold, solid surface. Hannibal pins his wrists on top of his head, one-handed, and blocks his legs with his own so he can’t fight him off. Will wonders what the fuck is wrong with him to find it hot.

Hannibal drags the knife across Will's body, as if it were a caress. He runs it from his abdomen to his neck, resting it just above his pulse point. Will licks his lips at the threat it signifies.

"Are you going to cut me open like you cut that guy open?" Will asks. His breathing is ragged. "Take out my organs?"

“Not take them, no,” Hannibal says, looking into his eyes, enjoying the fear he finds in them. “*Steal them*, just as you tried stealing from me.”

It’s weird to chuckle in these circumstances, but Will does anyway.

“I deserve that, I guess,” he says. “I could just give you your money back and leave, you know? I won’t tell anyone what I saw, if you don’t tell anyone about me,” he tries to negotiate.

Hannibal smiles. “I’d rather kill you, I think.”

Will sighs. “Fair enough.”

He doesn’t flinch when Hannibal runs the knife back to his shirt and cuts the fabric, just nicking at the skin. Hannibal looks, enthralled, at the blood as it oozes. He shifts, in order to do who-knows-what. Maybe cut more of Will’s shirt. Maybe stab him on the neck. But Will would never know what he was about to do, because the shift makes their crotches brush against each other.

And Will?

Will must have no sense of self-preservation because he *moans* .

A killer, probably a serial one, is trying to kill him and he fucking *moans* . He almost wants to grab Hannibal’s knife and stab himself with it.

Hannibal laughs, and Will knows he has to be blushing.

“Tell me, Will,” the psychiatrist says. “Has being chased always sexually aroused you?”

Will doesn’t reply. Hannibal goes on.

“Or is it perhaps the blood?” he asks. “Maybe the feeling of a blade against your skin? The danger?”

Will groans. “Shut up.”

“Or was it the sight of me shoulders-deep into that dead man’s guts that made you this excited?” He emphasizes his words by cupping Will’s semi-hard cock.

“Fuck,” Will moans, closing his eyes.

“It was, wasn’t it?” Hannibal keeps talking. “Such a *naughty* thing you are.”

Holy shit.

Will doesn’t care anymore. He’s going to die anyway.

“Please,” he begs the killer.

“Please what, Will?”

“Fuck me, please.”

Hannibal chuckles.

“How can I refuse when you’re being so polite?” he says, then looks at where one of his hands is still pinning his wrists. “Can I trust you’re not going to punch me if I free you, Will?”

This might be a perfect opportunity for him to escape.

He dismisses the idea.

“Yes,” Will nods.

“Good.” Hannibal frees his wrists.

They both stay still for a couple of seconds, looking at each other and gaging the other’s every reaction.

After that, Hannibal rips Will’s already torn shirt and throws it to the ground. He follows it by unzipping his pants, and pulling them down just enough to reveal his boxers underneath. Will uses his now-free hands to unbutton Hannibal’s shirt. He realizes then that the blood from Hannibal’s palm wound has coated his wrists in red. The wound on Will’s abdomen, though shallow, is still bleeding and staining Hannibal’s hands as well.

“Fuck, Hannibal,” he moans when the man sneaks a hand inside his boxers and wraps his fingers around his cock.

Hannibal grins and flicks his wrist. “You’re so hard already,” he points out smugly. “You’re leaking.”

Will groans and hurries to undo Hannibal’s pants, dragging both them and his underwear off with the enthusiasm of a hormonal teenager.

“Inside me,” Will says. “I need you inside me. Right now.”

Hannibal hums, picking up the knife from where he left it on the counter at some point. “Are you sure you should be telling that to someone with a weapon in their hands?” he asks. “They might misunderstand your words.”

Will barely has time to react before Hannibal draws the knife closer to the wound he had previously inflicted to deepen it. He whimpers in pain but the psychiatrist ignores him. Instead, he gathers the blood dripping from the wound in his hands and wraps his fingers around Will’s cock, using it as lube. He begins stroking up and down.

The sound that escapes Will's throat is inhuman. This is so wrong, so sinful. Yet Will has never felt so much ecstasy in his entire life.

Then Hannibal slips a blood-covered finger inside his hole without preamble and he loses it. He moans, and whines, and he has to rip onto the counter, his nails digging into the surface. Hannibal adds a second finger, then a third one, stretching Will open.

He later gathers more blood and smears it around his cock. Will's chest heaves and falls erratically, his breathing is uneven, and his heart beats madly in anticipation of what's to come.

Hannibal aligns his cock with his entrance and penetrates him completely in one hard, deep thrust. It's too dry, too sticky. The friction is too much. It hurts.

Will *loves it* .

He bites his lip to keep quiet and lets Hannibal fill him completely. The way the murderer moves inside of him feels heavenly. He hits his prostate with every single roll of his hips.

"So good," he moans, wrapping his arms around Hannibal's neck. "So good, fuck, Hannibal."

Hannibal groans in his ear and kisses the skin right under it. "What beautiful sounds you make, Will," he moans. "So pretty, covered in red."

Will whimpers. His face heats up at the words and he melts, becoming boneless beneath Hannibal's body. He's lost in his own pleasure, getting closer and closer to orgasm.

"Shit, Hannibal, I'm close," he says. "Don't stop. Don't you fucking dare stop."

"Come for me, then, lustful thing," Hannibal says. He moves his hand to Will's cock to stroke him lazily. "Come."

"God, Hannibal!" he screams as the waves of pleasure crash over him.

He comes, hot and heavy, spilling all over his and Hannibal's abdomen, his cum mixing with the blood there. It doesn't take long for Hannibal to follow, and he shudders as he comes, grunting with exertion. Will watches as Hannibal's muscles tense and his mouth opens to let out a growl. His head tips back as he fills him with his seed.

He collapses on top of him and they both pant as they recover.

Well.

Will may not have made any money, and this may be his last night alive, but at least he can't say it wasn't worth it.

End Notes

(Obviously, Hannibal doesn't kill him and they live a life of crime together)

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